

# The Pocahontas Times.

Vol. 26, No. 48

Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, June 25, 1908

\$1.00 A Year

## Some Recollections of the Civil War.

By W. H. HULL,  
Seventh Regt.

Gen. Garnett was an old army officer, an elderly man, and quite deaf. At Laurel Hill, he allowed Gen. McClellan to try with him by shelling his position, from day to day, for a fortnight or more, while the Federal commander was busily engaged in laying plans to route him from his strong position by a flank movement, on his left flank, and gain a position in his rear by either putting to route or capturing the forces on Rich Mountain commanded by Col. Peck and Pegram; the latter of which he succeeded in doing by surrounding their camp during the night and making the attack in the early dawn of the morning. Gen. Garnett seemed to have taken entirely by surprise, and proceeded to beat a hasty retreat with the result as previously stated. Gen. Garnett's command consisted of the following troops; the 52nd Va. commanded by Col. John B. Baldwin of Stanton, the 31st Va. commanded by Col. Wm. L. Jackson, two Va. Battalions, commanded by Col. Hansbrough and M. J. Regar, the 12th Ga. commanded by Col. Edward Johnson, and the Churchville cavalry commanded by Capt. James Cochran the Bath cavalry commanded by Capt. Dangerfield and two Batteries of Howitzers commanded by Capt. Anderson and Miller. At the time of the Rich Mountain affair, Col. Scott with the 53rd Va. was between Huntersville and Beverly, on his way to reinforce Gen. Garnett. When Col. Scott became apprised of the condition of affairs, he turned about and beat a hasty retreat across Cheat Mountain, burning the bridge across the Tygart's Valley river at Huntersville and also the two bridges across the east and west prong of the Greenbrier.

Col. Scott continued to fall back until he met Garnett's command at or near Monterey. The troops then returned and took position at camp Bartow, under command of Gen. Henry R. Jackson. Shortly after taking position at camp Bartow, the army under Gen. Jackson was reentered by the 44th Va. commanded Col. Wm. B. Tallafero, the 27th Va. commanded by Col. Fulkerson and the 3rd Arkansas commanded by Col. Albert Rust.

Col. Rust had gained considerable notoriety on account of his having, while in Congress, "caned" Horace Greely. The summer of '61 was spoken of for many years as the "wet season". It rained almost incessantly for days and even weeks at a time. There was a great deal of sickness among the soldiers. The accommodation for the sick in camp being very poor, a great many were taken to the country, the army doctor visiting them in the homes of the families where they were being nursed. Malaria, byantery typhoid fever, camp fever and pneumonia all prevailed among the soldiers, causing a great loss of life; and not only among the soldiers, but the disease that we so fatal among the soldiers were carried into the families of the country, causing much loss of life. In camp there was but little attention given to sanitation. The soldiers were overfed and allowed for the most part to lead an idle life. Provisions that were wasted the first year of the war would have gone a considerable extent towards relieving dire want of after years. The Georgia troops, owing to change of climate, were the worst to suffer. Gen. Jackson only remained for a short time in command of the army at camp Bartow

when he was transferred to the south and Col. Edward Johnson was made a Brig. General and placed in command of the army. In the mean time the Federal possession of and fortified the top of Cheat Mountain. During the summer and autumn Gen. Johnson seemed to be apprehensive that the enemy would make an effort to pass round his left flank and gain a position in his rear. Consequently he kept the approaches leading in that direction well scouted. The militia were called on to do a large share of this service a considerable number of them being old hunters, familiar with all the roads and by paths in that section, they were well qualified for the business. The field of their operations was in the vicinity of what was then known as the Seven's cabin and the road leading down the easters face of Cheat Mountain.

On one occasion the militia were scouring this road up the mountain; it had been raining as usual, and when they arrived at Slavin's cabin they found a number of wet blankets spread on the ground to dry, and as they were marked U S in large letters, the indications were that the Federals were not far away. After some deliberation, they decided that about the best things they could do would be to report to Gen. Johnson at Camp Bartow. When they arrived at a point in the road near what is known as the horse shoe bend on the side of the mountain, in sight of what is now the town of Durbin suddenly, and without any previous warning, a Federal soldier stepped around the turn and came into full view only a few rods in front of them. As they were stalling along somewhat in Indian file, they did not feel that they were in shape to give battle; so, in obedience to the first law of nature, they began to jump over the road one after another, and in groups, until soon they were all plunging and struggling through the wild vines, briars, and brush, down the steep mountain side. In relating their adventure, a considerable number claimed that they were the very last to leave the road; some admitted that there were still two or three in the road when they jumped, but on by one admitted having been first to jump. A few claimed they saw as many as two yankees before they left the road. There were a few hats, one or two shot pouches, and one gun reported lost.

It is not here meant to make any invidious distinction between the militia and the volunteer soldier, but simply to state an incident showing how soldiers of any kind may become stampeded from the very slightest cause. Many of these same men afterwards joined the army and became the very best of soldiers; the writer has seen soldiers of these years experience allow themselves to become stampeded with about as little justification. The following incident is given, substantially, as related to the writer by the late John Randolph Slaven. Lt. Dorsen of the 12th Ga. a very brave fellow, and an excellent scout, conceived the idea of surprising and capturing the Federal picket post on the first top of Cheat. The sentinel walked his beat on, or near, the line between Pocahontas and Randolph counties, and the reserve picket camped by the roadside a few hundred yards beyond the top of the mountain. Lt. Dorsen, having obtained permission from Gen. Johnson to make the expedition, selected thirty picked men and got things in readiness for a two days trip. Mr. Slaven, being perfectly familiar with the country to be

traveled, was selected to pilot the expedition. Everything in readiness, in order that their movements might not be discovered by the enemy's scouts, they took up the line of march up the east prong of the river crossed the Burner mountain and came to the west prong of the Greenbrier near the mouth of Cherry ran; here they waded the river, which was considerably swollen and bearing to the right they reached the top of the mountain a mile or more beyond the Federal picket post. Night was upon them, and here they camped very quietly, taking the precaution not to build any camp fires or to do anything that would lead to their discovery. In the early dawn of the next morning everything was in readiness to take up the line of march. Success depended on taking the Federals by surprise. When they came in sight of the smoke of the picket post Dorsen halted his men, formed them in line, ordered the guns to be loaded and then moved forward cautiously. Owing to the briars and fallen timber his progress was very slow and difficult. When they had gotten within about one hundred and fifty yards of the post a gun was accidentally discharged and the alarm given. Dorsen ordered his men to fire and charge. The Federal soldiers were at first stampeded, but not so the Lieutenant in command; following his men up with curses, he rallied them and brought them back into fighting order, and then turning his attention to the Confederates, he cursed them and called on them to come out of their hiding places, calling them all kinds of cowards and ugly names. Dorsen was not a man to take a challenge of that kind, so he waved his sword and called on his men to charge — *scoundrels!* but his men, owing to the fallen timber and the roughness of the ground, made but little progress. During this time the men on both sides were firing as fast as it was possible to load their guns. The Federals having in the meantime secured strong positions and the further fact that the firing would soon bring reinforcements from the top of Cheat made it clear to Dorsen's mind that any further effort to take the post or route the Federals would be unavailing, so, amidst a shower of bullets, profanity, and all sorts of doubtful compliments from the yankee Lt. and his men Dorsen withdrew his men in good order, and took up the line of march for the Confederate camp on the Greenbrier. In the engagement, the Confederates had several men more or less wounded; one man was so seriously wounded, that from loss of blood he, soon became so weak that he had to be carried through the mountains to camp.

### From the Valley Democrat

Depot Agent Snyder, of Marlinton, was a business visitor to Ronceverte yesterday.

Hon. Andy Price was here Tuesday. Andy looks more like a Congressman every time we see him.

Prof. L. W. Barns was here Tuesday night and left on the Greenbrier yesterday morning for the state Educational Association at Elkins.

Miss Florence Hiatt left Saturday for Marlinton to spend a couple of weeks with friends.

Hon. E. J. Holt was in town last night and left on No. 1 for point West. He is much encouraged by reports from different sections of the state, concerning his candidacy for Auditor.

### An Old Landmark

The question has been asked—What feature of Nature makes the deepest impression on the mind of man? In this instance the answer was,—not the sun, or moon, or stars, not the magnificent vaulted heavens, or lofty mountains, but the rivers or mighty oceans. Well, what then after such a wonderful category? Why, the trees that God has made to grow here and there and everywhere, in their variety or magnitude, their incessant or seasonable verdure. All mankind depends upon the trees in different ways; many receive the blessing without much caring for it, as a large portion of God's goodness is received, very, very thanklessly; but to some of God's creatures the trees come very close and are beloved. Who does not recall with almost sorrowful vividness, the trees of childhood, certain large and leafy ones under which the playful feet ran hither and thither or rested while the softened light stole through the green branches above and whispered of another land that has its trees too.

I'm sure that waving trees grow there,  
Of never fading leaf;  
And pure white flowers of sweetest breath,  
And corn and golden sheaf.

Just below Marlinton, on the verge of it, there has been for a long time, a tree of great peculiarity and of considerable size. For twenty years or more, you may call it a landmark, this tree has inclined to a slanting position, the roots clinging strongly to the earth-foot of the mountain, and the tree itself coming gradually, year by year to the horizontal; putting forth as much verdure as other forest trees, the branches hung over the stream and guarded while shading the favorite swimming, diving, and bathing place of our young boys in the not far distant part. There was "the deep hole" whose watery depths make the boys' hearts glad and filled the mothers' with apprehension. The incline of the tree increased until the great trunk stood perfectly straight out over the river and the green boughs washed themselves in Greenbrier's clear flowing tide. People in their walks would find this landmark of a tree and cautiously pace out on the thick bark platform and among the sweet cool branches till they stood nigh the middle of the river and just above it, the strangely growing tree! Well that the stream is not navigable or tree and water-craft would be in danger and collide.

The landmark is departing from us now,—probably the leaves we see will be its last putting forth and the old friend seems to stretch out its great arms in a waving good-bye. The tree is now supporting itself on the bed of the river, the branches as green and beautiful as other summer times,—and those who are not wont to see trees, big trees, out of the perpendicular, for many years, on the contrary, growing and flourishing in the horizontal, should come and come quickly to the slopes just here and gaze upon the unique scene. For our old and faithful tree-friend will not be with us long!

A. L. P.

### Notice of Dedication

Mount Union church at Wanless will be dedicated July 5th. The dedicatory sermon will be preached by Rev. J. S. Wickline and Rev. A. M. Caskley, D. D. Other eminent ministers will be present. Dinner on the ground. Arrangements will have been made to accommodate all who wish to come on Sunday. Everybody cordially invited to come.

C. O. WANLESS Chairman.  
J. W. OLIVER Sec.

### Substitutes for Public Wood

The American nation has the reputation of waisting almost as much of its resources as it uses. Facts often advance to show that their is much truth in such a statement.

A practical paper-maker recently called attention to a few of the members of materials in America's refuse heap which are worth while considering as promising substitutes for wood pulp.

The northwest annually produces a million and a half tons of flax stalk which are not now used for any thing. That amount of waist remains after the twine makers take all they want. It makes excellent paper.

The farmers in the South burn or plow under 18 million tons of cotton stalks every year. That which is plowed under is not wholly lost for it enriches the soil to some extent, but not so with what goes up to make the smoke.

Five hundred thousand tons of fiber have been adhering to cotton seed every year. It has been fed to farm-stock alone with the seed and has done the stock no good. Cattle and sheep do not like the fiber and the seed cake is better without it. A machine has been invented, which, it is claimed, will separate the lint from the seed. Paper makers think they can use it.

Nobody knows how many million of cornstalks go to waste; but in quality they are far ahead of cotton stalk, and it is believed they can be made into paper, although it has not yet been done on a commercial scale.

Thousands of acres of wild hemp grew in the south western part of the country, particularly along the Colorado River. Its only use now is to shelter Jack rabbits coyotes, but it has splendid fiber and tests on a small scale show that excellent paper can be made from it.

Paper making of straw is a well-established industry. Bookbinders use thousands of tons of strawboard. The straw which goes to waste in western wheat fields would bring fortunes if made into paper.

Lists of fibrous or woody plants suitable for paper are almost without limit, but only a few may be had in quantity sufficiently large to be worth consideration.

The time has not yet come when it is absolutely necessary that substitutes for pulp wood be found, but it is coming. The forests are still able to furnish materials for paper, but they cannot continue to do so for a great many years to come, at the present rate of cutting and growing. Makers of paper anticipate a scarcity of pulp wood and it is this which prompts the active search now going on for substitutes.

Hon. E. J. Holt, of Academy, Pocahontas county, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Auditor of West Virginia. We cordially commend Mr. Holt to the favor of his Democratic brethren and all other patriots. He is a well qualified business man of unblemished character, and is a life long and consistent Democrat. He is a brother of our esteemed countyman, Rev. J. W. Holt, of Alderson, and is personally and pleasantly known to quite a number of other Monroe county people. Pocahontas county has never had a nomination for a State office, and the choice of Mr. Holt for Auditor would be a deserved recognition of that county.

W. T. P.

### Gets New Paper

Having wandered around for a number of months like a man without a country Col. George C. McIntosh has at last bought an other newspaper and will soon settle down again. The Colonel has bought the Fayette Free Press a staunch old democratic weekly, but proposes to change it into "a good republican paper" when he takes hold at the end of thirty days.

Col. McIntosh promised, when forced to let go of the Fayette Journal, that before many days he would again be publishing a paper in Fayette county. There has been a void in the journalistic field of West Virginia since he left it, and his return will be the occasion of no little joy.—Register.

Growing Old or Neglected.  
We have forgotten how to stand upon our own feet and face the world with the joy of it in our hearts.—N. T. Stroud.

### The Campbell Town School

Friday afternoon, June 19, 1908, Prof. John S. Moore assisted by Miss Zella F. Early, closed this school under very pleasant auspices.

As our readers know, Prof. Moore is a veteran school teacher, whose long, efficient, and conscientious service makes a record surpassed by none, and equalled by but few of our native teachers. He has just completed twelve consecutive months in the work of his profession. He claims to feel as fresh and willing at the close of his twelve months work as he was on the first day. So it seems he neither tires in, nor of his important and responsible duties.

The exercises were introduced by singing the national anthem. Miss Elsie Early presided at the organ, near which were grouped about thirty of the smaller pupils, boys and girls, who sang with animation the thrilling patriotic words:

"My country 'tis of thee  
Land of the noble free,  
Of thee I sing," etc.

The welcoming address, the debates, the dialogues, the recitations, the lectures, and the valedictory address were all in good taste and displayed remarkable instances of good memories and good pronunciation and self possession.

The girls that appeared in these exercises, and did themselves and teachers credit, were Millicent Bauer, Maggie Chambers, Madge Boyer, Beatrice Coyner, Gwendolyn Kingsley, Dora Mappis, Gertie Bauer, Nora Bradley, Gladys Marlette, Grace Deem, Fern Boyer, Ruth Kingsley, Millie Boyer, Carrie Bradley, and Letha Bradley. The boys were Teddy Nordeck, John Baxter, Fred Hobart, Walter Hobart, Frank Chambers, Alvin Chambers, Clarence McCully, Lawrence Morton, Paul Nordeck, Ralph Davis, Howard Deem, and Bart Hobart. The exercises were concluded by an address by Rev. Mr. Marston, in which the patrons of the school were congratulated for their good fortune as to school facilities.

Prof. Moore feelingly thanked the patrons and the pupils for making their relations so pleasant for the six months just ending. The writer was complimented by an invitation to make some remarks which he did to the effect, that so far as he could form an opinion of strangers there was not a boy or girl in the large assembly, but what was well worth all the expense and effort to give them best opportunities possible for an education, so much needed to make the best of the strange and wonderful times that have come to stay for years to come, and to be living in such times, is something more than ordinarily worthy of all the preparation that is needed to fit the youth for the solemn emergencies coming to meet them, when the care of the nation comes into their hands.

W. T. P.

### Gets New Paper

Having wandered around for a number of months like a man without a country Col. George C. McIntosh has at last bought an other newspaper and will soon settle down again. The Colonel has bought the Fayette Free Press a staunch old democratic weekly, but proposes to change it into "a good republican paper" when he takes hold at the end of thirty days.

Col. McIntosh promised, when forced to let go of the Fayette Journal, that before many days he would again be publishing a paper in Fayette county. There has been a void in the journalistic field of West Virginia since he left it, and his return will be the occasion of no little joy.—Register.

Growing Old or Neglected.  
We have forgotten how to stand upon our own feet and face the world with the joy of it in our hearts.—N. T. Stroud.

### Dedication at Wanless

The new church at Wanless will be dedicated the first Sabbath in July. There will be preaching on Saturday night, the 4th. The dedicatory sermons will be preached by Revs. A. M. Caskley, D. D., of the M. E. S., and B. Wickline, of the M. E. Church, South. This church was built by the two denominations above mentioned, with equal rights and open to all orthodox denominations. Call it Union or what you will, but let us work and pray that the time will soon come when we shall make the two great churches one. Rev. J. S. Wickline will represent the M. E. Church, South, and will be remembered as one of the circuit riders of a number of years ago, when his Lord gave him many souls for his hire, and where the revival fire is still burning. The sweet memories of the past invite him to the little log hut school house to tell the Master's bidding, to a new 30x40 church to be erected for the Master's use that day. Rev. A. M. Caskley, D. D., who will represent the M. E. Church, South, comes to us from a convert as a new man in the district. He is not known to the writer, but we feel assured of his ability to serve the occasion creditably, and from these able men we look for God's word preached with spirit and power. All are cordially invited to come and hear these eloquent speakers, and to see our beautiful church, which speaks for its self in praise to the faithfulness of the earnest workers. The morning and evening services will do as a favor, should it go on June 28, in accommodating the people from Winterburn all along the line to Wanless. Last and best, we will serve dinner on the ground and no pains will be spared to make everyone comfortable, and to enjoy the day as friends and brethren of one great, fraternal brotherhood. Come one, come all.

W. L. KRAMER, Treasurer,  
Wanless, W. Va.

This neighborly little thing is taken at us by the meanest paper in the world, the Fayette Journal, and a bigger line never was conceived. Just because they may have no confidence in the man they elect to fill public office, no reason why they should question the honesty of our court. We have it on the word of a Republican governor that the affairs of this county were transacted better than any county in the state. If this article our attention is directed to the pledge of the Republicans to redistrict the county if they are fortunate to be put into office. This means giving the town of Marlinton to Huntersville District, thereby making that district Democratic or taking from the already tax burden district of Huntersville her dozen or so miles of railway track in order that a score of voters, about equally divided politically may have a convenient voting place. It is a hardship, we will admit, but absolutely necessary under the circumstances. If the bureau of taxation be equally distributed, we seriously doubt the sincerity of this pledge. It seems too much like the presumption promise made by a Republican politician to the creditors of a man in case the Republicans were successful Pocahontas would have negro juries.

### Notice

Having closed up my Smith shop at Millpoint and the continue the business there, I hereby give notice to all parties indebted to me by open account or note to call and settle not later than July 15th.  
W. L. HOWARD